

What Do You Eat?  
Electric Light Flour  
Has Long Been a Favorite.  
The mill has just been remodeled, and the flour is better than ever.  
IF YOU LIKE GOOD BREAD  
GIVE IT A TRIAL.  
Electric Light Flour is made by  
**WORK & CO.**  
only, but SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.

CAPITAL, \$100,000.  
SURPLUS, \$20,000.  
**FIRST NATIONAL BANK**  
OF RAVENNA, OHIO.  
CHAS. MERTS, President.  
H. L. HINE, Vice Pres't.  
R. B. CARNAHAN, Cashier.  
DIRECTORS,  
Chas. Merts, H. L. Hine,  
H. W. Riddle, C. S. Leonard,  
Orin Stevens.  
YOUR BUSINESS IS SOLICITED.  
**SECOND NATIONAL BANK**  
OF RAVENNA, OHIO.  
CAPITAL PAID UP, \$150,000.  
In U. S. Bonds.  
U. S. BONDS of all kinds bought  
and sold, and exchanged at cur-  
rent market rates.  
U. S. COUPON FOUR PER CENT  
BONDS on hand for immediate  
delivery.  
G. F. ROBINSON, President.  
C. A. REED, Vice Pres't.  
WM. H. BEEBE, Cashier.  
F. H. CARNAHAN, Teller.

**Business Cards.**  
**JOHN PORTER,**  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.  
BLACKSTONE BLOCK, RAVENNA, O.  
**TO LOAN—Money to loan on Farm Property**  
J. H. PORTER, RAVENNA, O.  
**C. H. GRIFFIN,**  
DENTIST—Office over First National  
Bank. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.  
**H. H. SPIERS,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office  
in Blackstone Block.  
Office open all hours.  
**J. H. DUSSEL,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW and NOTARY  
PUBLIC. Counsel in English and German.  
Pension business and foreign correspondence.  
Sole Agent for the sale of all kinds of  
Office over First National Bank, RAVENNA, O.  
**J. H. NICHOLS,**  
Attorney at Law and Notary Public. Office  
in Blackstone Block, over Second National Bank.  
RAVENNA, OHIO.  
**S. F. HANSELMAN,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW.  
PROSECUTING ATTORNEY,  
Office in the Court House.  
RAVENNA, O.  
**I. T. SIDDALL,**  
Attorney at Law.  
Office in Blackstone Block.  
RAVENNA, O.  
**J. W. HOLCOMB,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW.  
Telephone No. 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.  
RAVENNA, OHIO.  
**I. H. PHELPS,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW.  
Office in Blackstone Block.  
RAVENNA, O.  
**HARRY L. BEATTY,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC.  
Office, Room 18, Riddle Block.  
RAVENNA, OHIO.  
**FOR SALE**  
ON  
**Exchange.**  
GOOD RESIDENCE PROPERTY in Ravenna  
for Sale or will exchange for small farm.  
B. F. BOESINGER.

**The Quaker Mills!**  
Will continue to pay the highest market price  
for WHEAT AND OATS, and will have for  
sale a full line of Mill Feed. Also, Baled Hay  
and Straw. Goods delivered free of charge in  
Corporation. Telephone No. 8.  
THE AMERICAN CEREAL CO.

**BEST HARD COAL!**  
See us before buying.  
**MORGAN & SON,**  
**James Shepherd.**  
Have opened a shop in the rear of the Post Block  
RAVENNA, OHIO, and are prepared  
to do all work in the line of  
**TINWARE,**  
**ROOFING AND SPOUTING**  
A Specialty. Also, all kinds of galvanizing  
iron work, and stove and furnace  
repairing.  
All work guaranteed. Prices satisfactory.  
**Teachers' Examinations.**  
Examinations will be held, commencing at 9  
o'clock, a. m., and closing at 4 p. m., on the first  
Saturday of each month, at Ravenna; also the  
third Saturday in October and April in Kent,  
and the third Saturday in November and March  
in Garrettsville. No certificate will be anted.  
By order of the Board.  
F. A. MERRILL, Clerk.

**A Good Assortment of High Grade Buggies at Low Down Prices**  
**A LARGE STOCK OF HAND AND MACHINE MADE HARNESS ALL WORK GUARANTEED AS REPRESENTED.**  
**T. F. THOMPSON.**

# THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS.

Vol. 25, No. 50. RAVENNA, O., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 2, 1893. WHOLE No. 1297.

## Let Us Show You

How to make your Dollars go the farthest. Our main object is to unload. If a reduced price will stimulate trade these two hot months, our prices will do it. When we say we will make GREAT REDUCTIONS, you can depend on it. WE'VE SAID SO, and we mean it, and it's going to be done, no difference how hot it is; and the hotter it gets, the greater reduction it will be necessary to make to do it, that is,

## REDUCE OUR STOCK

To make room for Fall Goods.  
It's good Goods, and desirable ones, worth coming after, we're calling your attention to.

**25 Per Cent. Reduction**  
**On All Summer Apparel**  
Includes everything in the way of Summer Goods.

**Men's Hot Weather Negigee Shirt**  
**BARGAINS!**  
73c.

We have placed on sale in our Shirt Department 47 dozen Men's best patterns Madras and Cheviot Cloth Negligee Shirts at  
Worth from \$1.00 to \$1.25 each.

## A GRAND SUCCESS!

Our last week's sale to be continued for the benefit of the public.

**Suits**  
Worth \$10.00 and \$12.00, now \$8.00;  
" 7.50 " 9.00, " 6.50;  
" 6.00 " 7.00, " 5.00.

In looking over the papers, you come upon the preceding announcements. The dealers who make such offers (?) seek to convey the impression that they are giving something away. They are not, because the Suits thus offered you wouldn't care to wear.

HOW DIFFERENT, though, are those bought of the

## Rochester Clothing \* House

They are Elegant, Stylish, Neat, Substantial, and of moderate cost

## TOO MANY PANTS

Cassimere Pants, worth \$3.00 and \$3.50, now \$2.25  
All Wool Pants, " 3.75 " 4.00, " 3.25  
Cassimere and Worsted Pants, worth \$4.50 and \$5.00, now \$3.75

## All Summer Hats

Reduced to 1-2 Former Prices

We will not say any more; but if you doubt our word, come and see for yourself.

**Rochester Clothing Mfg. Co.**  
MAIN ST., RAVENNA, OHIO.

**B. HESKINS MANAGER.**

## RISDON & TAYLOR,

GROCERIES, \* TABLE DELICACIES ON THE SIDE.

## PROVISIONS, \* FAMILY SUPPLIES

Everything within bounds, and everything trim

Clean Goods. Neatness. Promptness.

PRICES AT THE BOTTOM.

**Ravenna, O.**



### Tom and the Wishing Cap.

Bring me your wishing cap, I'll put it on, And wish myself that which I'd like to be. For I don't think I'll be a mill or a pin, Or pretty little sailor or sailor's son.

Or shall I be a great big monstrous whale, The monarch of the ocean deep? Or, stay! I would not like to have a great long tail, And as a monkey romp the living day?

How all will miss me when I've changed about! How through the streets my father dear Will roam In search of me, and how the boys will shout, Not trouble you, how Tommy's gone from home!

Dear me! I never thought! How I'll miss Why, that's about as fearful as can be! I wish I could be a great big mill or a pin, I think upon the whole, I'll stay plain me.—New Orleans Picayune.

### THE BACHELOR'S PROPOSAL.

Arthur Lyle was a confirmed bachelor. He was a tall, handsome young fellow, with blue eyes and dark hair. He was an artist by profession. He had not few patrons, but that fact did not trouble him much, as he was very well-to-do.

He was idly toying with his watch-chain and watching the smoke of his cigar as it curled up toward the ceiling when the door opened and Mr. Clifton Wayne entered the room.

"Well, Arthur, how are you to-day?" were the first words. "Thinking of your lady-love?"

"Don't be a fool, Clifton!" was his polite reply. "You know I hate girls like—"

"Softly, softly, my dear sir," interrupted Clifton, laughing, "the trouble is you haven't come across the right one."

"And never will," interrupted Arthur. "But enough of this nonsense. I heard to-day that your sister Clara was about to give a grand ball. Is that so?"

"Of course it is and you're to be invited. And, say, Arthur, Cousin Nellie from New Orleans is coming too. She will be a splendid catch for you."

"There you go again, Clifton. You know I am a confirmed bachelor. Any for Miss Nellie—what did you say her name is?"

"Forsythe," Nellie Forsythe. But good-bye. I have an appointment downtown, and he hurried away.

Now Arthur Lyle had been in love, and what he believed to be pure gold he did not know that it was, and he was not to be so easily deceived.

When he found that it didn't take long for his heart to beat.

Years ago he had felt sure that he understood one woman. He had even gone so far as to tell her that if she so willed it henceforth his life would be devoted equally to her and his profession. And she had smiled and looked so pleased that he had kissed her and supposed that she would at some time, not far distant, be his own.

But he had supposed for much, as he afterward found out when she was married a few weeks later to a dashing young lawyer.

This hurt his susceptible and sensitive heart to think she had so deceived him and he told her so the first time he saw her after her marriage.

And she, with one of her innocent, surprised looks, answered his indignant words by saying "that he had never asked her to marry him."

"I don't know that I did, but that is what I meant and I took it for granted that you understood me."

"Yes, but you're not right to take anything for granted when you are dealing with a woman," and she laughed at his verbiage.

He had not met her for several years. He went at intervals to visit his friend Clifton at his beautiful villa in the suburbs. He had been there but a few days when he walked out on the piazza and saw the fat, portly man, former sweetheart walking around the grounds of a neighboring house with a half-grown child—a little girl—who in many ways resembled her mother.

Lyle gazed around at the smooth emerald lawn, the budding flowers, the green, waving woods, the broad meadows and purple hills, and he never before their sweet, serene loveliness.

"It seems ungrateful to be unhappy," he thought, with a smothered sigh.

He walked on aimlessly, blind, deaf to everything around him. Thoughts of his lost love and the fact that he had separated them were struggling together tumultuously in his brain.

The sound of a horse rushing madly over the road, and the sight of a carriage roused him suddenly from the reverie into which he had fallen. He looked up and saw a young lady in great peril.

He darted forward and, seizing the horse by the bit, stopped him.

He smiled proudly down at the anxious, upturned face.

"What a gentle woman's heart she has! This lovely girl with soft, brown eyes and beautiful golden hair—a quiet little creature with a charming, refined face."

"Where do you wish to go?" he inquired, respectfully.

"I don't know," she replied, in a sweet voice that thrilled his heart.

"I found no one at the depot to meet me, so I got a horse and thought I might as well ride over to my home to see if I could find my father, as you see, but if you will assist me to remount I think I can reach the villa safely."

Arthur lifted her into the saddle and stood gazing after her with a queer sort of look on his face as the horse continued up the road.

It was a splendid night. The stars shone beautifully, the air was soft and balmy. Wayne villa was brilliantly illuminated; Chinese lanterns shone here and there among the trees—in fact, it looked like a fairy paradise; carriages drove up and deposited ladies and gentlemen and the sound of music was heard from the parlors. Miss Clara Wayne was giving a ball.

When Arthur Lyle was announced there was a buzz through the room, as he was a general favorite and maneuvering mamas did not quite despair of catching him.

And he wanted to be quite sure, he told himself as an exultant waiting, though he knew all the while that he was sure, that she was worthy of his love and trust. So he waited.

Then he thought some one might come along if he dallied, and, discovering what a wonderful woman she was, with the prize he coveted away from him. He felt as if there was possible danger in delay. But how to say what he wanted to—that was what troubled him.

Little cold shivers went over him and his tongue would cleave to the roof of his mouth. He felt sure that if he began to propose, words would forsake him and then he would stand, gasping and opening his mouth like a dying fish.

He had been a constant visitor at Wayne villa for several months and he was thinking this morning, as he walked leisurely up the path, that if he could but meet Miss Forsythe he would be able to propose.

The other day she had talked so intelligently and looked so sweet and shy, and he had such a beautiful opportunity for telling her, but he was so frightened that he concluded there wasn't any need of saying anything just then; perhaps it would be better to wait a few days and trust to Providence to bring matters to a crisis.

As he turned a bend in the path he saw seated on a rock under a shady tree the object of his thoughts.

She smiled when she saw who it was that had intruded upon her peaceful privacy, and the poor fellow, who had thought she had the sweetest smile he had ever seen, he sat down beside her.

"This is a lovely morning for sketching and I thought I would sketch some of this beautiful scenery, but now that I have found something so much more interesting to me and so much more beautiful—I think I would—would—"

"Rather talk," interrupted Miss Forsythe, with a quizzical smile.

And the artist blushed like any rose at his foolish speech.

"I am a little nervous, Miss Forsythe," he said, with a little smile.

"Here comes your protégé," as Flora Hale came tearing down the path at break-neck speed.

"Oh, dear!" sighed the poor artist with comical despair. "I don't see why I should be so persecuted, do you?"

"I say," called out Miss Flora, while yet a long way off, "you aren't a fool, are you?"

"I hope not," answered the astonished man. "What makes you ask such a question?"

"Oh, cause," answered Miss Flora, "on see, I heard and Mrs. Insley talking about you, and she said you were a fool."

"Mrs. Insley said it was plain as the nose on your face that you loved her like everything, only you daren't tell her."

"I don't know that I did, but that is what I meant and I took it for granted that you understood me."

"Yes, but you're not right to take anything for granted when you are dealing with a woman," and she laughed at his verbiage.

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### On a Peruvian Cliff.

Explorers have found a great many mummies in caves in cliffs among the Peruvian mountains. How the Indians who entombed their dead in this way reached the caves hundreds of feet down the side of steep cliffs is a matter of conjecture. A French traveler, M. Weiner, narrates a visit to one of the most stupendous and the most dangerous of these caves.

He was in the end of ending his travels there, and there, "I went with two Indians," he writes, "to a point on a high plateau below which was one of the caves and had the Indians lower me over the precipice with leather ropes."

"A journey of 100 metres straight downward made in such a way is extraordinarily long. I arrived at last at the tomb. It was half closed with rocks. I went in and found two skulls in my arms. I tied the skulls to my belt and taking the mummy in my arms gave the signal for the Indians to draw me up."

"I obeyed and gradually I neared the top of the precipice. The Indians had not looked over it and had no suspicion of what I was bringing in my arms. When the yellow skull of their ancient ancestor appeared above the edge of the cliff the Indians were terribly frightened and let slip the ropes."

"I cannot describe my feelings in the next second, the awful terror of seeing the mummy and the best of his ability, gave him assurance on his honor as a gentleman that it was not an intentional insult, and in a new modest words endeavored to appease the wrath of the young man, who was, in fact, a worthy citizen, though a little inexperienced. The man with the broken hat insisted that it was an outrage that could not be forgiven, and taking off his coat challenged the stranger to a fight."

"If we must fight, we must, I suppose," said Carter, slowly, as if undecided what to do. "I don't like the idea, though, for I don't believe the whole lot of you would have any chance with me. Let me show you something."

Quickly sitting down at the big table he took hold of it with his teeth, and bracing his knees against the lower part of the table, raised it and its contents, a big dingy coat, rust and all, and with his horse's head stood erect.

When he put the table to the floor without spilling a drop from the well-filled glasses there was an oppressive silence, which he broke by saying: "I have already apologized. My name is Carter. Let's all take a drink."

Nobody refused.

**MAY'S DILEMMA.**  
Couldn't Keep Clean and Healthy in a Twenty-Four-Hour Day.

"What's the matter, May?" said one woman to another, who was sitting gloomily in a reading room with a magazine and a bit of paper before her.

"I've just discovered," replied May, looking up from the article on hygiene that she was reading, "that I can never be clean person, much less a healthy or a beautiful one."

"What! What do you mean?" gasped May's friend.

"My dear May, I have the authority of this excellent article for the following statement regarding personal cleanliness and health: No woman who is clean and healthy for one hour in the day before her bath."

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### Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

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